COPROLALIAC PRESS PRESENTS

ODD MAN OUT

IS THERE SUCH A THING AS ME
DO I REALLY EXIST
I TOUCH MYSELF OFTEN & FEEL COLD FLESH
BUT AM I
I MEAN NO ONE ELSE CAN SEE IT
DID I COME FROM UNDER A ROCK
THAT I WILL RETURN TO
DID YOU EVER LOOK AT YOUR TRASH
AND SEE MY FACE
AND DID YOU EVER WANT TO TOUCH IT
BUT NO IT'S TOO FUCKING DIRTY
IT FUCKING SMELLS
IT ISN'T RIGHT
BUT IT'S THERE TO BE DISPOSED OF
TAKE IT OUT AND BURY IT
AFTER ALL IT IS WASTE
YOU ALREADY USED IT
JUST BURY IT IN THE FUCKING SAND
DO YOU EVER FEEL LIKE DIRT?
I AM DIRT
BUT DIRT HAS THE POWER TO BURY & KILL
CLEANSE YOURSELF
BREATH YOUR PREDICTIONS
SLEEP YOUR NARROW LUST
CURB YOUR INNER MOTHER
AND MOTHER BECOMES YOU
BUT AGAIN
IS THERE SUCH A THING AS ME
I CRAWL THROUGH YOUR STRAIGHT LINE
LIKE A SMASHED UP SKULL
ON A PAVEMENT OF NOTHINGNESS
ONE & ONE EQUALS NOTHING
MIND & YOU EQUALS ETERNITY

GG ALLIN
1/8/89

WRITTEN ABOUT EVERY PERSON I HAVE EVER MET IN MY ENTIRE LIFE!

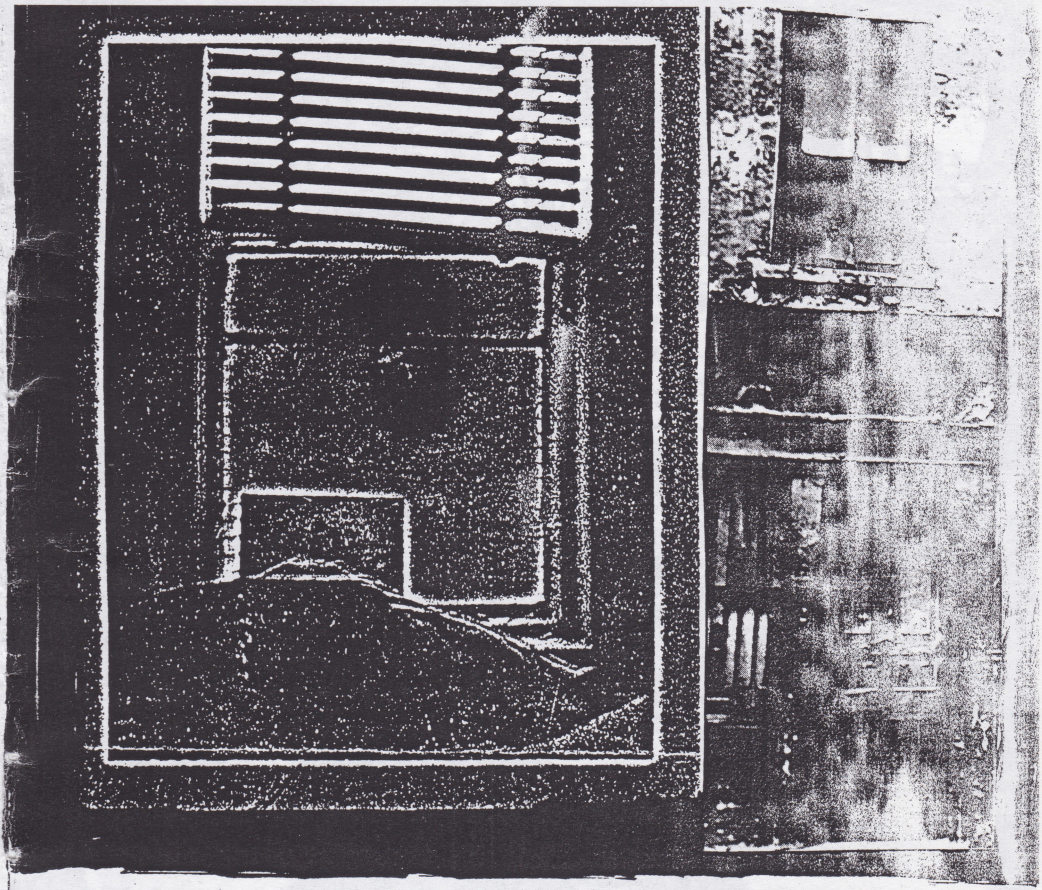
MY MIND IS LIKE A
FUCKING BLOODY PLANE CRASH
BANGING UP AGAINST AN ENDLESS WALL
AND SHATTERING LIKE A BULLET IN MY BRAIN
LIKE A COCK AND A CUNT
FUCKING TILL YOU TAKE IT
AND BLOW IT OFF

GG ALLIN
1989

I'M DYING, I'M DYING, I'M DEAD

WHERE YOU COME FROM
HOW DO YOU KNOW
WHERE YOU'RE GOING
BODY PARTS BLOWING ALL OVER
LEAVING PIECES EVERYTIME
BLOOD ON THE WALLS AND
THE FLOORS OF THE SHITHOUSE
WHERE I LAID MY HEAD TO SLEEP A WHILE
VEINS FILLED WITH JUNK
LOOKING LIKE A DRUNK
EVERYDAY I'M DYING
WHY WAIT
FIND THE END & AVOID THE CENTER
THE CENTER IS VOID
GOING FASTER DOWN
DIVING DOWN DEEPER
MY HEAD IS POUNDING
ARE YOU COMING TO MEET ME
I THINK I'LL GO NOW

GG ALLIN
1989



LIKE SKIN BEING RIPPED
A BARBED WIRE BRAIN DRIPPING
BLOOD THROUGHT THE MASOCISTIC BEING
YOU TO CAN FEEL
PAIN IS LIGHTNING THOUGHTS OF YOUR
SHOCKWAVE OF REALITY
KNIFES IN YOUR MOUTH
PAIN IN YOU ANAL CAVITY
DIGESTED BLADES OF INTESTINAL LIES
ONLY HIDE THE WEAKNESS
YOUR WEAKNESS IS MY STRENGTH
I MAY BE A LONER
BUT SO WILL WE ALL BE IN THE DIRT
NO ONE WILL HEAR YOU SCRATCHING
SOUL TO THE DIRT
SCATTERED BLOOD THIRST SPREAD
YOUR LIQUID TO MOUTHS
I'LL DRINK TO THAT
GO AWAY

GG ALLIN
1988

YOUR INTELLECTUAL STUPIDITY
THINK LIKE A SELLING OUT INTELLECT
YOU SAY I'M STUPID
BUT TIME WILL TELL OF OUR WOUNDS
TIME WILL SEE A SLICING THROAT
OF A SELLING OUT INTELLECT
OR A SCUM SUCKING DOG
I WILL CLAW AT YOUR SLASHING EYES
AT YOUR BLOOD DRAINED HEAD
IGNORE A IGNITING FLAME OF GASOLINE
AND THE FIRE IS MY SOUL
SEE MY GASHING BRAIN SPLATTER

GG ALLIN
1989

SEXUAL MURDER

EATING SHIT
+ DRINKING PISS
YOUR ASS CREATES MY CUM
YOUR SHIT, MY ORGASM
YOUR WAISTE IS MY SEX
LICKING TOILET SEATS
I CARVE MY MEAT
XBLEED FOR YOUR CUNT
ON MY SHARP TONGUE
ASS CUNT, DICK
SMOTHER ME IN PISS
BACTERIA IN MY BLOOD
GIVE ME ALL YOU GOT
GIVE ME AIDS
GG ALLIN

THE PRICE SHE PAID

MY EX-WIFE WAS PRETTY
I FUCKED & SUCKED HER
TILL IT GOT BORING
I HAD SEX WITH HER SISTERS & MOTHER
EVEN IF THEY DION'T KNOW IT
SPILLING MY CUM
SUCKING PANTIES

GG ALLIN
1988

TROUDBLED TRUBADOR OF TOMORROW

LITTLE JESUS WANT TO BE A MAN
LITTLE JESUS HAS TO USE HIS HAND
LITTLE JESUS IS LOOKING FOR YOU PANTIES
MOMMY, MOMMY
I WANNA LICK YOUR CUNT
WHEN YOU BEND OVER
BUT YOU'LL THINK I'M CRAZY
LITTLE SISTER OR BROTHER
I WANNA FUCK YOUR ASS
BUT DON'T TELL MOMMY LITTLE BOY
SHE'LL THINK I'M FUCKING CRAZY
GRANNY, GRANNY
I WANNA LICK YOU CRUSTY CUNT
WHEN I'M PLAYING UNDER THE TABLE
BUT YOU'LL WANNA PUT ME AWAY
MOMMY, MOMMY
LITTLE JESUS HAS TO CHANGE HIS NAME
NOW LITTLE KEVIN HATES YOU ALL
GOT HIM UP AGAINST THE WALL
LITTLE KEVIN ISN'T WELL
LOCK HIM UP
WATCH HIM TURN AWAY
OCTOBER 31st, 1980
HE'LL GET HIS DAY

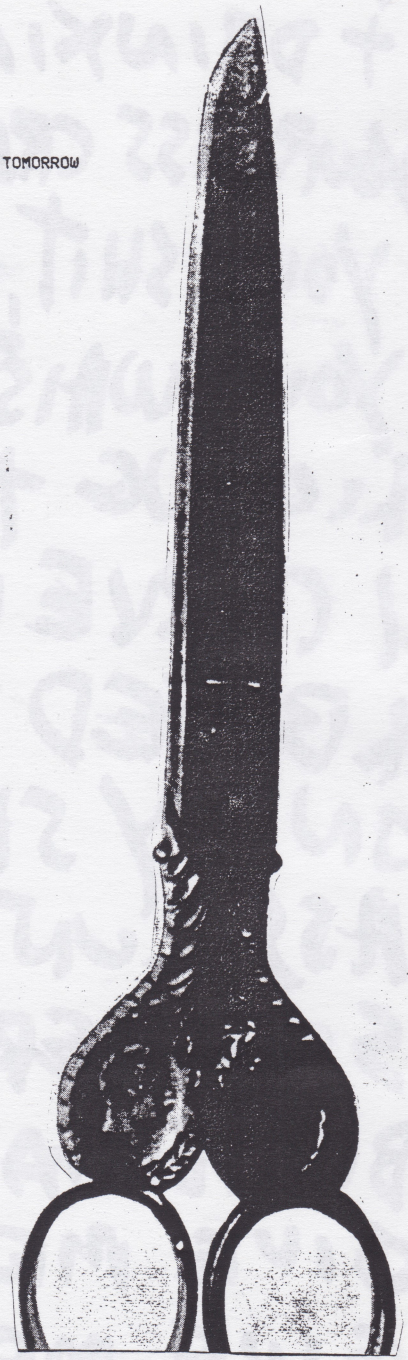
GG ALLIN
1988

can't afford the bail

CAN'T AFFORD THE BAIL

LOOKS LIKE I'M HANGING AROUND
LOOKING AT WALLS MOVE IN AND OUT
& SEEING MOVING OBJECTS IN MY MIND
LIKE A DESERT WITH NO END IN SIGHT
PASSING TIME PULLING MY COCK
IS IT DAY OR NIGHT
AM I COLD OR HOT
IT DOESN'T MATTER
MIND OVER MATTER
DO WHAT YOU CAN TO SURVIVE
BREATHING & DRINKING POLLUTED WATER
BANGING MY HEAD AGAINST THE WALL
SCREAMING AND SHAKING
ALL OF THE SYMPTOMS OF MY
TROUBLED CORRODING FUCKING MIND
MOVE IN ROTATION
WAIT FOR YOUR DOG FOOD
THIS IS MY UNIVERSE
FAITH BEING A BLIND RELIEF
HOPE BEING A SET-UP
YOU LIVE IN A SHELL
A SLAVE TO THIS FUCKING WORLD
I SHATTERED MY SHELL
MY TEMPLE IS FALLING
RAPED IN A CELL
LIKE A COCKROACHED IN YOUR HEAD
CRAWLING THROUGH YOU FUCKING ASS
SEEPING IN YOUR EARS
NEVER HEARING
EATING WAX & FEEDING ON FLESH
SALIVA HELPS THIRST
IT'S YOUR LIFE WHEN YOU
CAN'T AFFORD THE BAIL

GG ALLIN
1988



WISCONSIN JAIL CELL

A FRACTION OF MY MIND SPINS EMOTIONLESS
QUCK PHASES OF ANGER DIG ME DEEP
THE CORNER OF MY EYE SEE'S THE MOVING
OF A WORLD NOT KNOWN TO MY SURROUNDINGS
IN A CIRCULAR MOTION I WALK
GLEAM & LAUGHTER BRING PARANOID CELLS
TO SURFACE A RAGE OF DISTANT LIGHT
THROUGH DARKNESS IT SEEMS TO BE GETTING HOT

GG ALLIN
WISCONSIN 1989

FACING DEATH ALONE

JESUS CHRIST DID NOT DIE FOR US
EVERY MAN DIES FOR HIMSELF
NO MATTER THE FUCKING DEATH
WHEN IT'S OVER
TERMINATE TO YOUR MAGGOTS
ALL BLOOD & INTESTINES FAIL
YOU CEASE TO EXIST
WHAT MAKES YOU JUSUS CHRIST
BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE?
CAUSE YOUR THE SON OF GOD
FUCK YOU. WHO'S GOD?
SHIT IS GOD
GOD IS SHIT
WE ALL SHIT
WE ALL DIE
TAKE YOUR FUCKING PHONEY LIES
AND REGURGITATE IN A DEAD CORPSE
COLD MEAT OF SLAB
EAT MY MEAT
DRINK MY BLOOD
TASTE MY SHIT
FUCK YOU BASTARDS
THE BODY OF CHRIST
IT SMELLS OF DEATH
TASTES OF CARDBOARD
SO DOES EVERYONE ELSE
CARDBOARD, PAPER, & TREES
OR THE REAL FUCKING BODIES
BODIES OF ABORTIONS,
SUICIDES, AND MANGLED TWISTED
BURNING HACKED UP BONES OF DEATH
THAT'S THE REAL BODY OF CHRIST
SO UNTIL YOU KNOW OF REAL BLOOD
DON'T TALK YOUR BULLSHIT TO ME.

GG ALLIN
CHICAGO 1989

I LOVE NOTHING

SECLUSION, DEPRESSION,
I LIKE TO BE ALONE
SO IF YOUR AROUND WHO ARE YOU
YOU COULD BE THE ENEMY
YOU COULD BE A CUNT
LIKE MY MOTHER
LIKE MY EX-WIFE
A CUNT
A BLOODY CUNT
GOOD TO EAT
BUT WANT TO KILL
I DON'T TRUST YOU
I'LL LOCK MYSELF UP
I DON'T NEED YOU TO
YOU LOCKED ME UP ALREADY
YOU GAVE ME MY MIND
YOU FUCKING MOLDED ME
SO FUCK YOU ALL
I OWE YOU IS MY DESTRUCTIONS
I OWE YOU A LOT
I LOVE YOU
I LOVE YOU TILL DEATH
I LOVE TO TOUCH YOU
I LOVE TO KILL YOU
I LOVE TO WANT TO BLOW
I LOVE NOTHING
I LOVE TO COME BACK
& DESTROY EVERYTHING
I LOVE NOTHING

GG ALLIN
CHICAGO 1989

UNCOOL, UNCLEAN,
UNLEASHED

ROADS OF TIME

MAKING THE BLISTERS END OF TIME
THE ROAD TO NOWHERE BEFORE THE END
CRAMPED AND TORN TO NO-MANS-LAND
LIGHTS FOR LIQUOR DO A GIRLS JOB
JOBS DO FOR AN INSTANT
BUT PHONES REACH TO AIR
I WANT TO INHALE YOUR LINE
BUT PREVENTION-WHY?
FOOD IS SOME CHANGE
BUT MORE THAN FOOD IS DETERMINATION
IT WILL BE MY DESTINY
TO FIND AN END OF THIS WINDOW
THE WINDOW I SEE FOR SHINE
AS TIRES ROLL
AND WE PULL OUR EYES TO LIDS
TO WAKE AND FIND ROADS OF TIME
BURNING OUT? YES
BURN OUT IS A FUNCTION
FUNCTIONS TO RULE
I RULE IT WHEN
WHEN IS NOW
NOT THE WHEN'S OF TOMORROW
GRAB THE MOTHERFUCKER
SQUEEZING INTESTINES.

GG ALLIN
HOLLYWOOD 1989

EVERY LAST RIGHT

COME TONIGHT AND TEAR AT BRAINS SCAR
NEVER REACHING YOUR GOAL
TO SEARCH FOR BLOODY OCEANS
TAKE THE TRIP WITH ME
SWIN THROUGH MY BODY FLUID
SURVIVE TO YOUR DEATH
THE UGLY FACE OF A TIME NOT FAR
BUT LONG ENOUGH TO GET THE EXAM
ELECTRICUTE MY BODY THROUGH
MY OWN SELF
THE CLOUD DRAGS THROUGH THE DIRT
THE DIRT RISES TO POLLUTION
POLLUTIONS IS ME & THE SELF
MY POLLUTION CAN NOT BE SEEN
BUT IT CAN KILL
MANY FORMS OF EXPRESSION FINALIZED
ONLY TO BE FIGURED OUT LATER
YOUR TO LATE & YOU LOSE
NOVER REALLY KNOWING YOU LOST
YOU BLEW IT UP & IT BLEW YOU UP
DESTROYING OVER & OVER
EVERY LAST RIGHT.

GG ALLIN
TEXAS 1989

A CHILDHOOD THOUGHT

SHACKELED AND CHAINED-UP MISCONCEPTIONS
CHALLENGES YOUR PUZZELED DECEPTION
YOU'RE BUT AN OLD FOOL
LOCKED DOORS SLAMED SHUT
SHUT -UP, SHUT-UP YOU SAY
QUICKLY FLASHING LIGHTS SECONDS
SLAMMED IN LOCKED BASEMENTS
HIDE THE EVIDENCE OF MY BELIEFS
THOUGHTS KEPT IN PRIVATE GALLEXIES
UNCHALLENGED AND WILLING TO BE
I'M A PENNY WAITING FOR CHANGE YOU SAY
WELL THING NOW YOUR BASTARD THOUGHTS
YOU TEACHING OF ONLY WHAT YOU OBSERVE
YOUR TOILETS ARE ONLY FOR THE YOUNG HORNY
YOUR BOOKS BLOCKED MY VIEW
MY MIND NEVER PENETRATED YOU
MY BARRACADE SHEILDS YOUR STUPIDITY
NOW I'VE COME OF ME
LEAST LIKEY TO SUCCEED HUH?
IF YOU ALL HATE ME I'VE WON
YOU DID
YOU DO
YOU ALWAYS WILL
I'LL WIN AGAIN

GG ALLIN
CHICAGO 1989

CHICAGO GREYHOUND STATION

SITTING IN THIS CLUTTERED TERMINAL
WAITING TO MOVE ON
TO THE NEXT JAIL, HOSPITAL, HOTEL, WHORE
CAN YOU SPARE A QUARTER?
I THOUGHT NOT
2½ MORE FUCKING HOURS TO SPECULATE
WHERE IS THE NEXT SEEDY BAR
WHERE DO I HANG MY HAT
TO MUCH OF LAST NIGHT HAS LEFT ME
LEFT ME TIRED AND HUNG OVER
PAIN STRIKES THROUGH MY BONES
BATS BEATING TO A HEART BEAT OF BLOOD
SMASHING THROUGH OBLIVIAN
THROUGH ME TO GET TO YOU
WHEN IT ARRIVES TO YOUR DOORSTEPS
IT WILL SMASH YOUR DISFIGURED FACE
& WHEN IT HITS YOU HARD
THE NEXT BUS PULLS IN
AND I'M ON MY WAY TO SOMEWHERE U.S.A.
DON'T ANALIZE ME TOO QUICKLY
TOO MANY IN ME YOU'LL NOT KNOW
ONLY PIECES OF ME ESCAPE
& A PART IS ALWAYS LEFT IN THE SHADOW
THE QUITE LONER WHO DRIFTS
THE LOUD VIEL MOTHERFUCKER WHO GASHES
THE MAN EATING PUSSY WITH COCK IN HAND
OR THE SHIT & PISS EATING ANIMAL
CAN I TALK TO YOU A WHILE?
IF I ASK YOU CAN COME
IF I DON'T THEN STAY THE FUCK AWAY.

GG ALLIN
CHICAGO 1989

WITH YOU DEAD

REFLECTIONS IN THE SKY
FROM LINES ON THE HIGHWAY
TO MY FACE IN THE GLASS
I SEE BEYOND THE BAGS
AS I WATCH THE RAIN FALLING
HITTING THE HIGHWAY
THINKING IF THEY WERE ONLY BULLETS
& YOU, YES YOU
I WOULD SEND OUT THE GUARDS TO GET YOU
LAY ON THE ROAD ENEMY
AND LET ME SHOWER YOU IN BULLET HOLES
I THINK YES
WITH YOU DEAD
I COULD BE HAPPY AGAIN
IT COULD BRING LIFE TO ME

GG ALLIN
MICHIGAN 1989

CHICAGO-MUSKEGAN

I'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS ACCIDENT
A DAY OF SHREADED CONFUSION
DESTINATION TERMINATED
AS I LAY IN ROOM 261
MY THOUGHTS WERE WITH THE AIR
OVER THE DARK OF A DISTANT MICHIGAN
THINKING HOW OBSTICLES PREVENTED ME
NO ONE KNOWS OF MISFORTURES TILL TIME
ONLY ME AND SLEEPLESS VISIONS

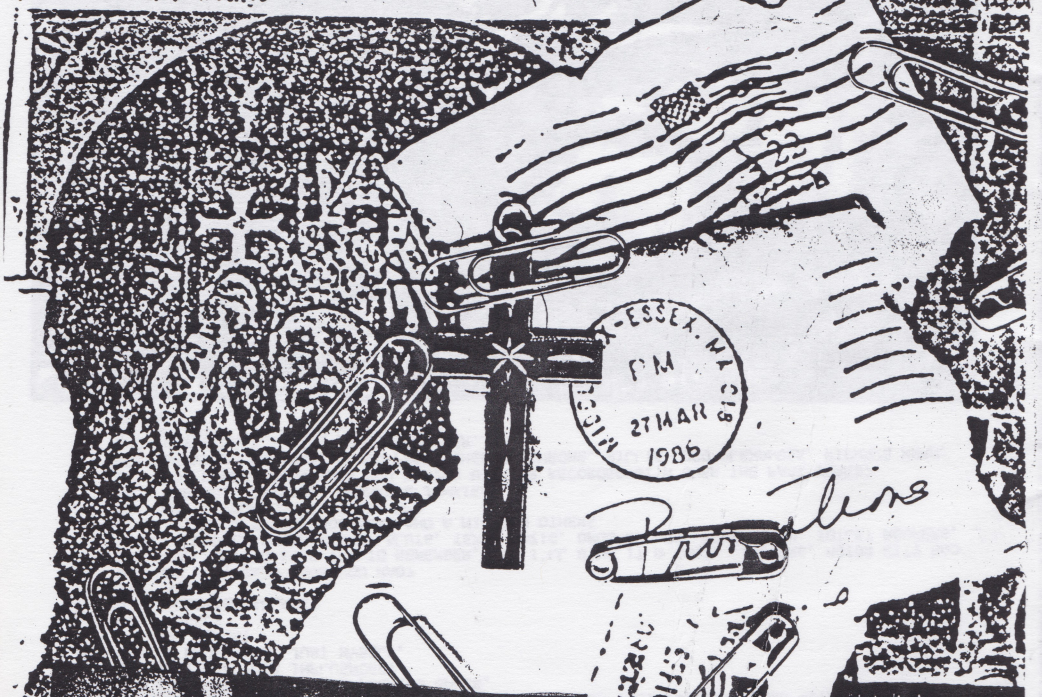
GG ALLIN
MICHIGAN 1989

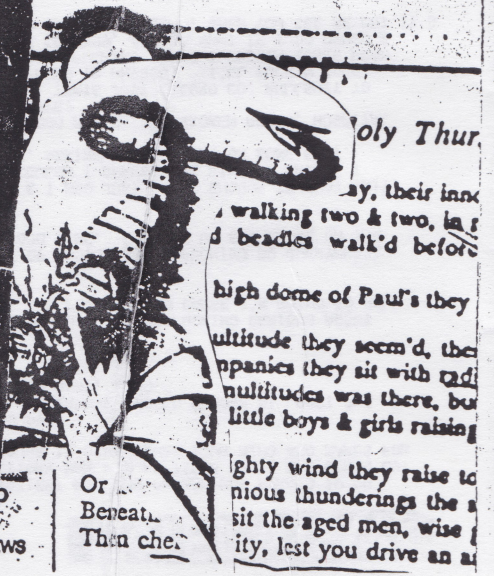
HOSTAGE BITCH

RUBBING MY HEAD AGANIST THE WALL
WITH MY FRIEND PEELING PAINT
REFLECTIONS OF HOSTAGE BITCH
HOSTAGE BITCH
MY ARMS SQUEEZING YOUR THROAT
DON'T IGNORE COMPULSIVE ILLUSIONS
TELL THEM TO OBEY
OR DIE

GG ALLIN
TEXAS 1989

Catholics bowing to XXIII in 1959.
en believers. ... his brief sermon, John Paul said
water from a silver that man can try to negate God's existence
foot of each of the ... self up against God.
h foot. But he neg... Nevertheless, God ... cannot deny
oot of six of the himself, cannot cease to be himself, the
ing gesture of the Pope ... he cannot cease to be lo...





...oly Thur...

...ay, their inn...
... walking two & two, in ...
...d beadles walk'd befor...

high dome of Paul's they

...ultitude they seem'd, the...
...npanies they sit with radi...
...nultitudes was there, bu...
little boys & girls raising

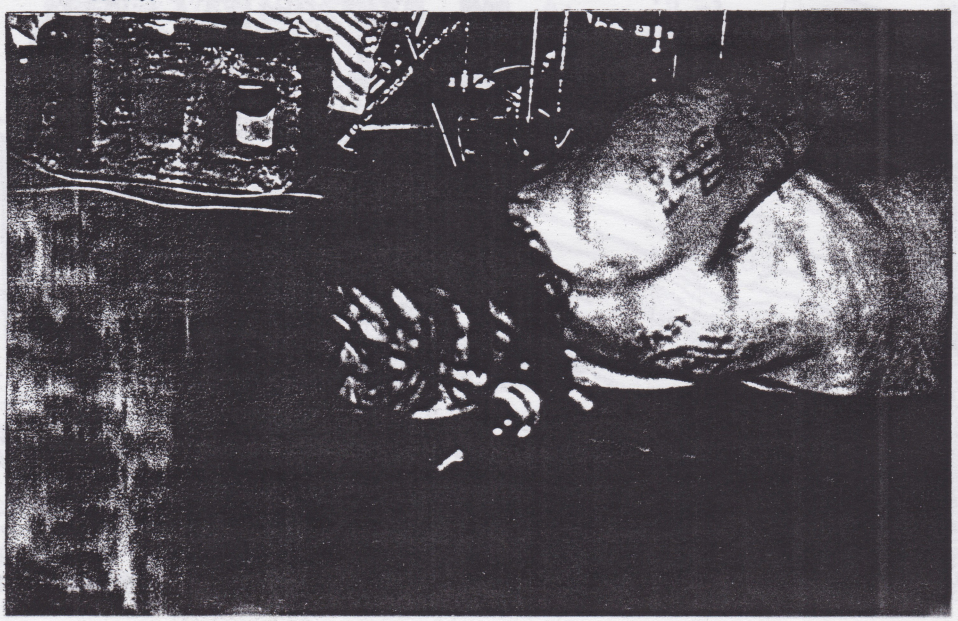
...ighty wind they raise to...
Or ... nious thunderings the ...
Beneath ... sit the aged men, wise ...
Then che... ity, lest you drive an a...

NEWS

INTERVIEW

Q: WHO IS GG ALLIN REALLY
A: GG ALLIN IS A FEW PEOPLE REALLY. THE CRAZIEST FUCKING ANIMAL NOT AFRAID TO DO ANYTHING, RANGING FROM RAPE TO MURDER. A SOLITARY MAN WHO AT TIMES SHUTS THE WORLD OUT COMPLETLEY TO BE ALONE. SOLITUDE IS GOOD BECAUSE IT DISIPLINES YOUR MIND AND MAKES FOR MORE RAGE ON THE OUTSIDE.
Q: WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE UNDERGROUND TODAY?
GG: I DECLAIR WAR ON THE FUCKING UNDERGROUND. EVERYONE SHOULD MURDER AT LEAST ONE PERSON IN MY NAME BEFORE I KILL MYSELF ON OCTOBER 31ST, 1990.
Q: WHY ARE YOU GOING TO COMMIT SUICIDE?
GG:

BECAUSE IT'S NEVER BEEN DONE, AND I WANT EVERYONE TO KNOW I'M FUCKING SERIOUS ABOUT EVERYTHING I DO. DON'T EVER WRITE ME OFF TILL THE FUCKING END CAUSE I'M GOING TO HELL & I'M DRAGGING MY AUDIENCE WITH ME.
Q: YOU'RE ON TOUR NOW, RIGHT?
GG: I'M ALWAY ON THE ROAD. I DON'T GET A LOT OF SHOWS, BUT I FUCKING GO EVERYWHERE THERE'S A CHANCE. I WANT TO RUIN EVERYONE'S GOOD TIME. CALL ME UP & I'LL BE ON THE NEXT GREYHOUND TO YOUR TOWN.
Q: TELL ME WHY YOU LEFT THE EAST COAST?
GG: BECAUSE I HAD FOUR WARRENTS FOR MY ARREST & I HAD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH OF THAT SHIT. I GOT ARRESTED 7 OR 8 TIMES IN TWO MONTHS. I COULDN'T AFFORD THE FINES & BAIL. I HEARD YESTERDAY THAT THE FBI WAS AT TRACY'S APT. ASKING WHERE I WAS OR SOME SHIT. BUT THEY GOTTA FUCKING CATCH ME FIRST.
Q: WHAT ABOUT ALL THE STORIES WE ALL HEAR OF BLOOD POISONING, BROKEN BONES, HOSPITAL VISITS, DRUGS, BOOZE ECT. IS THIS ALL TRUTH OR HYPE?
GG: IT'S ALL FUCKIN TRUTH. I HATE FUCKIN HYPE. THATS JUST RECORD CO. BULLSHIT TO SELL MY RECORDS & NOT PAY ME. I HATE BEING COMPARED TO ANYBODY. I'LL FUCKIN TAKE ON ANYBODY ANYTIME. I'VE HAD BLOOD POISING SO MANY FUCKING TIMES & BROKEN BONES FROM PERFORMANCES. I OWE HOSPITAL BILLS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, AND SO WHAT IF I DO DRUGS & DRINK. I AM SELF DESTRUCKTIVE AND FUCKING PROUD OF IT. AT LEAST WHEN YOU SEE ME CUT IT'S REAL BLOOD.
Q: WILL YOU DO ANOTHER LP?
GG: WELL THE SUICDE SESSIONS CASETTE LP IS OUT NOW THAT I JUST DID WITH THE SCUMFUCS, BUT I WILL DO ONE MORE STUDIO LP. I'VE ALSO BEEN DOING A LOT OF WRITING AS WELL. SO WHO THE FUCK KNOWS.
Q: WILL YOU WRITE AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY?
GG: I WAS THINKING ABOUT IT, BUT DECIDED I ALREADY HAVE DONE IT THROUGH MY MUSIC & LYRICS. THEY ARE MY LIFE & ALWAYS HAVE BEEN. TO SUM IT ALL UP IN ONE SHORT STORY, READ THE TROUBLED TRUBADOR OF TOMORROW, THAT'S IT. I WAS FUCKIN JESUS CHRIST WHEN I WAS BORN & THEN KEVIN, PEOPLE WANT TO PUT CHAINS ON YOU. WE WERE BORN WITHOUT CHAINS, AND I'LL BREAK DOWN YOUR FUCKING WALLS.
Q: WHAT ARE YOUR INFLUENCES?
GG: I HAVE NONE, JUST MYSELF.
Q: ANY HEROS?
GG: MYSELF
Q: FAVORITE VILLANS?
GG: MYSELF.
Q: HOW MANY BAND HAVE YOU HAD?
GG: TOO MANY TO EVER TRY TO REMEMBER, BUT I'LL GIVE IT A SHOT. JABBERS, MOTOR CITY BAD BOYS, SCUMFUC, CEDAR STREET SLUTS, TEXAS NAZIS, DRUG WHORES, SEWER SCUM, TOILET ROCKERS, AIDS BRIGADE, BULGE, HOLYMEN, AND A MILLION OTHERS.
Q: WHAT'S YOUR OWN FAVORITE LP?
GG: FREAKS, FAGGOTTS, DRUNKS & JUNKIES.
Q: WHAT OTHER BANDS HAVE YOU PLAYED WITH OR RECORDED WITH OVER THE PAST YEARS?
GG: GENYA RAVEN, MC5, DAVID PEEL, CHEETAH CHROME, WILLIE LOCO ALEXANDER, RICHARD KERN, AND MANY OTHERS THAT I CAN'T REMEMBER.
Q: ANYTHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO ADD?
GG: NO!



KILL IN THE NAME OF ME
IN FUCKING GOD
IN FUCKING JESUS
IN FUCKING SATAN
IN THE NAME OF ME
I'VE BEEN THEM ALL

GG ALLIN
1989

BLOOD FOR YOU

SUCK YOURSELF IN A DRY
BLOOD DRIED WAKE
DERANGED IN A POOL OF BLOOD
LET ME CUM CURDLE IN YOUR MOUTH
LOVER OF ILL EXTREMES
GASHES DEEP
LASHES OF FIRE
THE FUCK NOT OF A MAN
BUT THAT OF AN ANIMAL
AS I GRACE A SADISTIC SMILE
CLUTCHING THE STONE LIKE GENITILES

GG ALLIN
1987

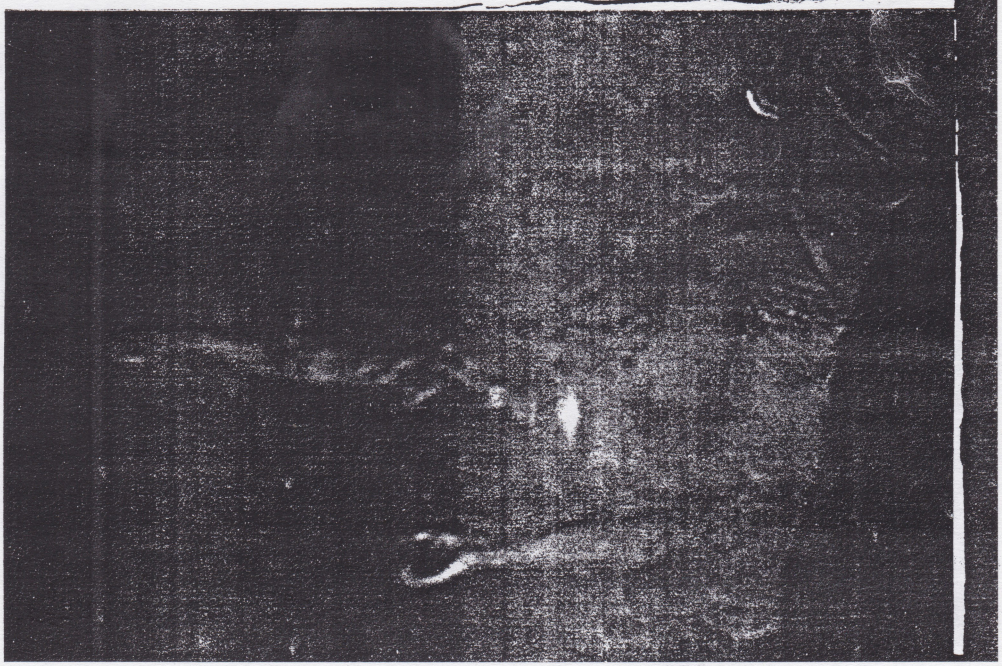
DEATH IN MY MIND
IS YOUR BLOODS REALITY
A MASSACRE OF MOTIONLESS
BLOODY USELESS BODIES
WHO NEEDS YOU
I'LL SPILL IT ALL
OF ME, OF YOU
WE ALL NEED TO FUCKING SPILL
DRINK BLOOD FROM YOUR PERSON
WHAT PERSON YOU ASK?
ANY PERSON IN YOUR WAY

GG ALLIN
1989

A WOMANS CUNT

A WOMANS CUNT IS LIKE A CARD GAME
YOU TAKE THE BEST
THEN LAY EM DOWN
BUT GAMES GET BORING

GG ALLIN
1988



I WILL NOT ACT CIVILIZED

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS TOMORROW
ONLY TODAY
I WILL DO TODAY WHAT IS NOT IMPORTANT
TO DO TOMORROW ANYWAY
YESTERDAY IS GONE
TODAY IS ALL WE GOT
SO STEAL IT
KILL SOMEONE
KILL FOR ME
LETS START A FUCKING WAR
A BLOOD BATH NOW
I WILL NOT ACT CIVILIZED
I WILL KILL & I WILL DIE
THE PRICE
WHAT IS IT?
FLIRTING WITH DEATH
THE PRICE
I'LL PAY IT

GG ALLIN
1988

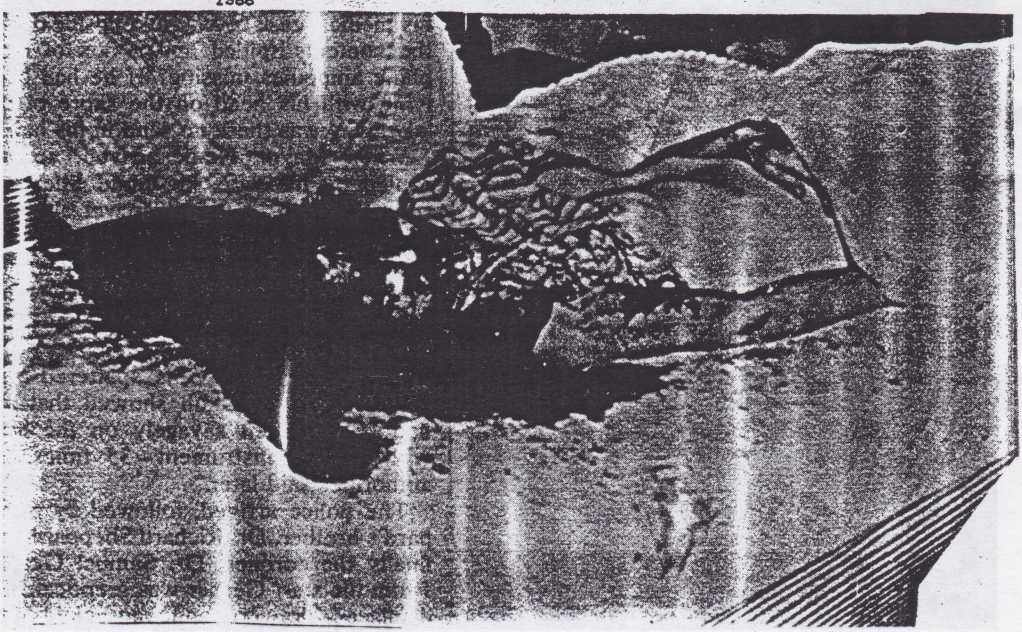
IN THE BLACK OF NIGHT
I REACH FOR RAZOR BLADES OF JOY
GASHING BLOOD FOR TOMORROW
TODAY

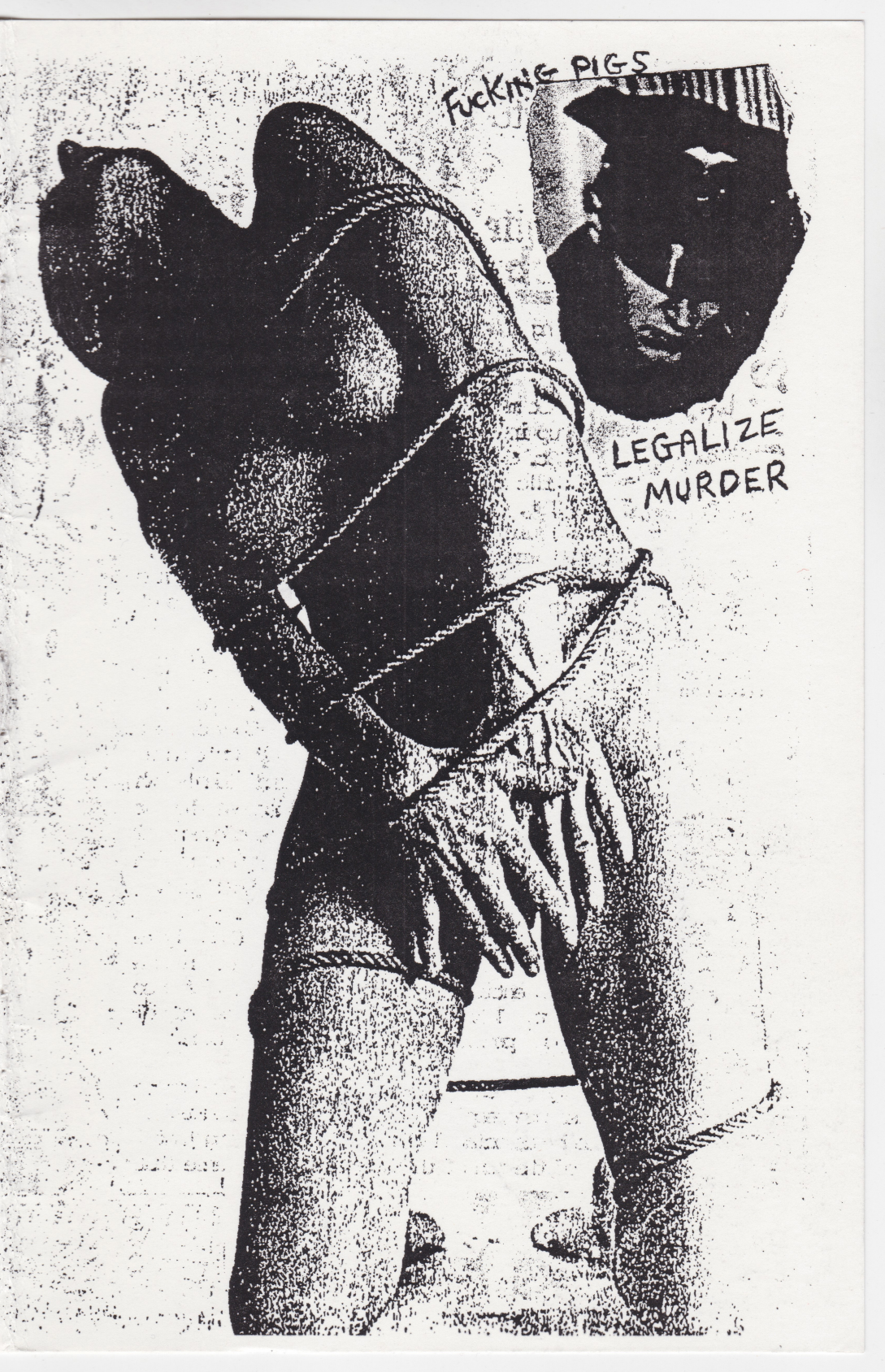
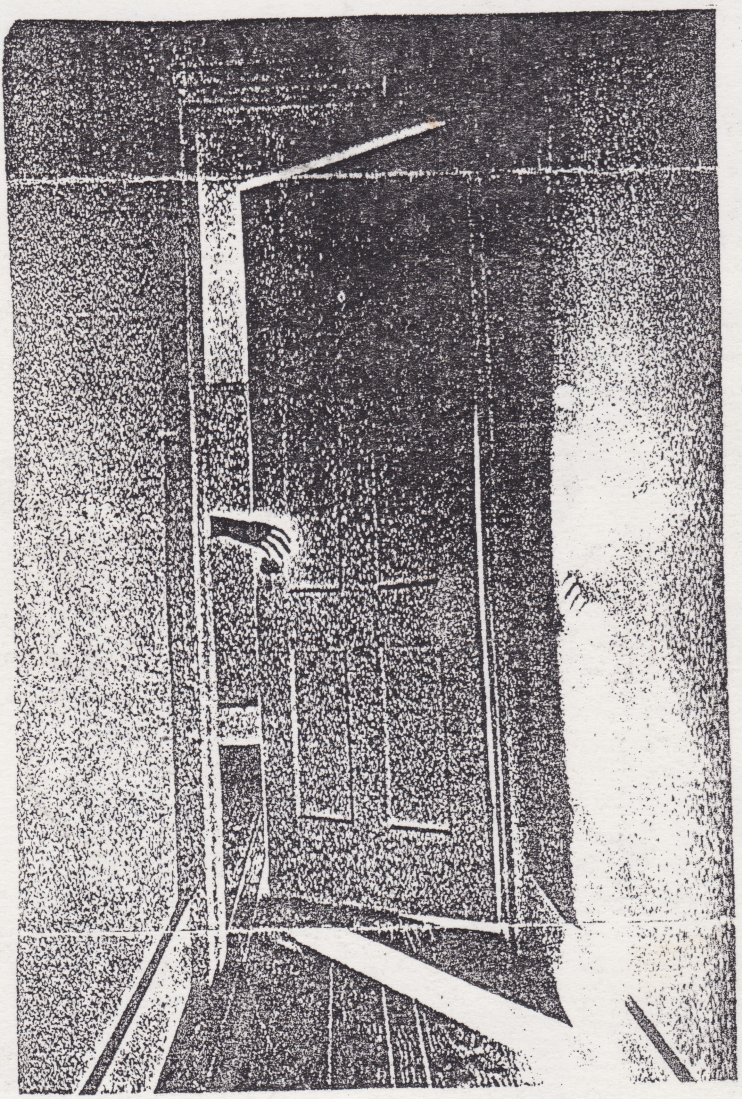
GG ALLIN
1989

LIQOUR SLICKED HIGHWAY

WATCH THE LINES GOING FASTER ON THE HIGHWAY
GOT MY BOURBON BY MY SIDE
I'M ON A LIQUOR SLICKED HIGHWAY
I'LL BE A GYPSY TILL THE DAY I DIE
GOT A COUPLE DOLLARS IN MY POCKET
ON A GREYHOUND BUS I RIDE
WONDER WHERE I'LL FIND A PLACE TO CRASH
I PASS OUT WITH MY MICROPHONE BY MY SIDE
I NEVER SLEEP I JUST PASS OUT
IN THE BACK OF A BUS I'M HIGH
I TRAVEL FAST & I TRAVEL ALONE
I'LL BE A LONER TILL THE DAY I DIE
DON'T UNDERSTAND ME, DON'T EVEN TRY
YOU NEVER WILL CAUSE IT'S ALL LOCKED INSIDE
RIDIN DOWN THE LIQOUR SLICKED HIGHWAY
GONNA DO IT TILL THE DAY I DIE
IT'S NOT A GAME, IT'S ONLY SERIOUS
SING MY SONGS ON DESTRUCTIVE SLIDES
I FEEL CRAZY, COLD AND EMPTY
IN COLD BLOOD TILL THE DAY I DIE

GG ALLIN
1988




FUCKING PIGS
LEGALIZE
MURDER